

**By Elizabeth Jordan**

**O**

"May Iverson," she said, "do you want a new experience—the kind you've never had before?"

"I did. I always did, and right well did Mabel Blossom know it. She fixed me with her glittering eyes like the ancient mariner,

fields, and there was a tiny little piece of moon that looked like Maudie Joyce's curved pearl pin. It kept peeping in and out among the clouds. When we especially needed light it stayed behind them; but when there was something grim and grisly ahead of us, that moon came out and made it look worse. A year

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